

By the elf queen's kindly favour,
Who their moonlit sport attends.

"And as they quaff, they dance to airs,
Sighing through the trembling chords,
Formed by gentle Zephyr's cares
Of gentle twigs the wood affords;

"And as they dance, the nightingale,
Warbling forth her plaintive song,
Reminds them of her mournful tale,—
Checks the gay and joyous throng.

"Too soon they see the grey of dawn,
Rising o'er the Eastern hills,
Which bids them far from grassy lawn,
Fly to eaves by bubbling rills.

"While Phœbus courses through the air,
They on moss beds peaceful lie,
But when the moon is shining fair,
To the copse in haste they hie."

Poets in olden times have sung of the Meadow
Crowfoot and Butter-cup under the names of Gold-
cups, King-cups and Cuckoo-buds. Shakspeare
in speaking of them says,—

"When Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

In these lines he must evidently have alluded to
the Crowfoots of the meadow, and not to the Marsh
Marigold (*Caltha palustris*) as some suppose. The
latter grows abundantly in moist meadows, and is
very similar in colour to the Buttercup, but con-

siderably larger. We find the poet in "Cymbeline" making mention of them under the name of Marybuds, thus,

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
And every thing that pretty been,
My lady sweet arise."

THE WATER CROWFOOT,

(*Ranunculus aquatilis*,)

Belongs to the same class, order, and family as the other Crowfoots. It is found plentifully in shallow pools and rivers, where the surface is often quite white with the profusion of blossoms that are sprinkled over them. The petals are large, being equal in size to the apple blossom; the upper leaves are roundish, three lobed and cut, floating on the surface of the water, and the under ones are cut into a number of thread-like divisions. The stamens are many, of a bright yellow, and a nectary is seated at the base of each petal.

"The water Crowfoot flowers in shoals,
Like living pearls all lie
Strewn o'er the pool—that radiant path
Of stars amid the sky